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THE
ELETON'S MESSAGE

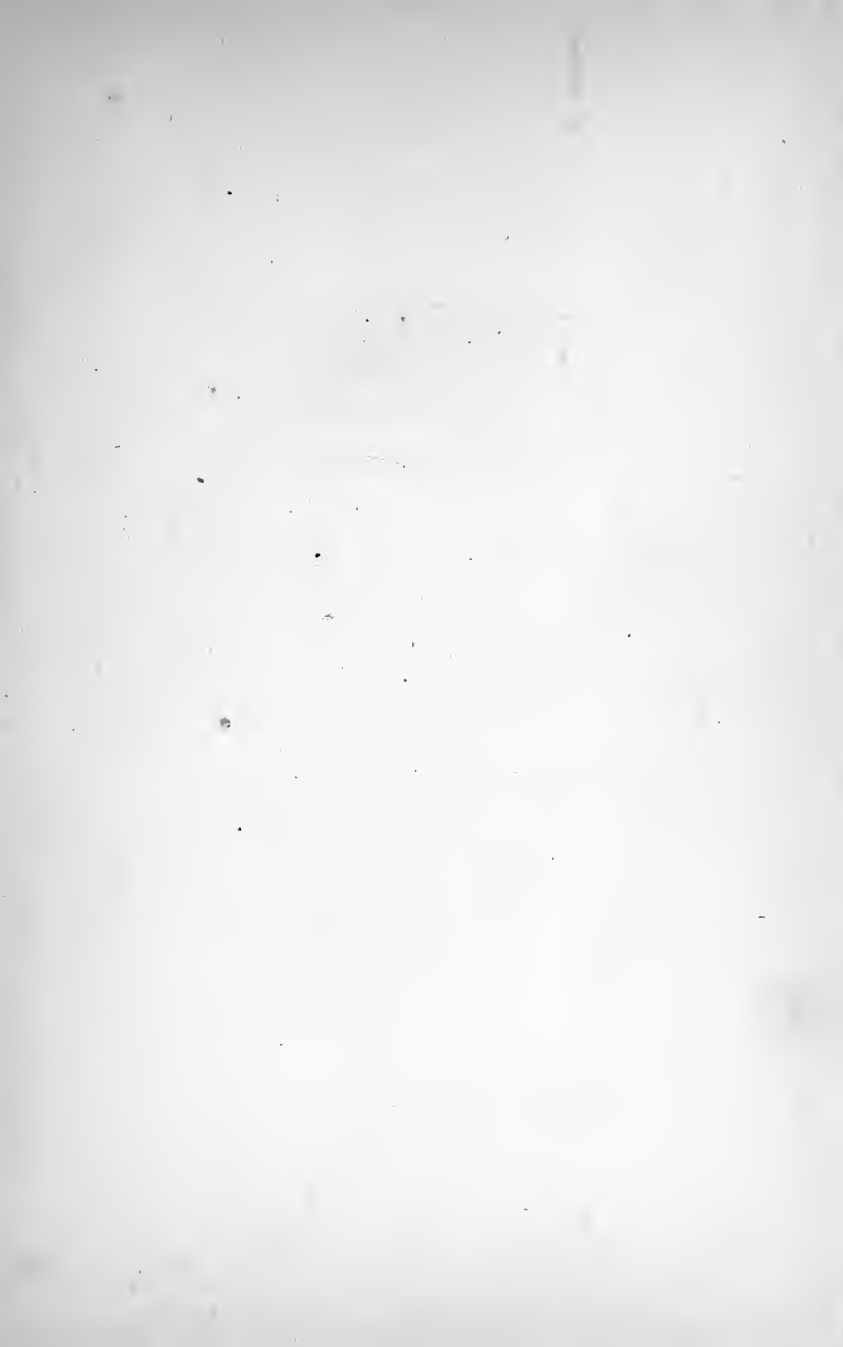
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# THE SKELETON'S MESSAGE

( *and other Poems* )

BY

LYDIA LANDON ELLIOTT  
"

TERRE HAUTE, IND.  
THE INLAND PUBLISHING COMPANY  
1896

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*Apr*

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## INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

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From the period when poetry was the blossom and flower of our literature we have passed to an era of matured fruit. By and by we may have only the dry husks. Then, perhaps, we shall be glad to return to the fresher, primeval gardens, or we may elect to tread the barren and rocky expanse of positiveness in literature. But whatever the tendency of our literary movement, the fact is distinctly recognized that the present is essentially a prose age. Nevertheless, the author ventures to hope that the verses here collected may find, now and then, an interested reader.

L. L. E.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., July 20th, 1896.



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## THE SKELETON'S MESSAGE.

**I**N twilight's shadows, wrapped about, I knelt to say  
a prayer ;  
All day my mind had dwelt on ancient men—  
the brave to dare,

And on the lives of those who vainly tried to win a  
name—

But now, within the Mystic Spheres, no longer care for  
fame.

When, 'thwart the sky, I seemed to see, lit by the sun's  
last ray,

A vast, unguided, wandering host, that stopped to  
kneel and pray.

### The Skeleton's Message.

---

Whence came those people? Who are they? My soul  
was filled with dread—

At length, I saw that they by one in *winding sheet* were  
led !

Their pale lips moved so tremblingly, I could not hear  
a voice ;

Yet, somehow, knew that they were those whose souls  
can ne'er rejoice.

My own prayer died upon my lips, in pity for their  
woe ;

I could not speak, but staid aghast, till they prepared  
to go.

Each figure then that rose, seemed yet more tall and  
gaunt ; and each,

## **The Skeleton's Message.**

---

With bony, outstretched hand, for something distant  
seemed to reach.

Soon all resumed their rambling march, which led the  
darkest way;  
And in their wake strode impish sights—a mocking  
Sprite and Fay.

Some wore the garb of Egypt's race, some that of olden  
Rome;  
Some eyes were like to midnight's depths, some like  
the vaulted dome.

Some held aloof, and wore a signet, telling they were  
kings;  
Some grovelled in the dust, with misery—poor, wretched  
things!

### **The Skeleton's Message.**

---

With hooded brow, and clasped hands, some walked  
more near to me,  
Whose grief-distorted faces, then, I could distinctly see :

“ Grim spectres, from the mighty past, o’er which the  
ages roll,  
Have ye not found the flowery fields, where rests in  
peace, the soul ?

“ Are ye, poor spirits, unredeemed ? and roam ye e’er  
through space,  
Now seeking here, now seeking there, some little spark  
of grace ?

“ Why keep ye up this bootless march ? From whither  
do ye stray ?



## **The Skeleton's Message.**

---

And why, so often, do ye stop, and, gazing backward,  
pray?"

A wailing, pleading voice, then sounded faintly in  
mine ear—

Its saddened tones struck to my soul, and wrung from  
it a tear:

"From far-off Islands, in the sea, and from the north-  
most pole,

From jungles deep in Africa, where Nile's headwaters  
roll;

"From out the lap of luxury, from civilization's heart,  
From dingy huts of poverty, from traffic's greatest  
mart—

### **The Skeleton's Message.**

---

“ From every spot upon the Globe that e'er was known  
to man—

From places, dim with molded age, in Syria and Japan,

“ We come ; and gather thick and fast—some new re-  
cruit each hour ;

But 'mongst us is not one who did not long for earthly  
power—

“ That has not looked, with straining eyes, Fame's  
pinnacle to climb,

And drop, with earnest voice, a note the centuries  
should chime.

“ That hope unquenched, unsatisfied, we press on blindly  
still,

In quest of that for which we erst did yearn, with  
eager thrill.

## **The Skeleton's Message.**

---

"Cold winter winds have touched the torch that guided  
to that height—

For this, we often pray : to see again its golden light—

"For this, we pray, and backward gaze upon the shores  
of Time,

To find, mayhap, the path that yet might lead to  
things sublime."

"Poor creatures! Know ye not the goal is past, and  
search is vain?

Fruition's glow shines not beyond the gloom of Death's  
cold pain."

"A lofty wish left unfulfilled, that craveth still some  
good,

Will shadow, aye, the eternal years—escape how e'er  
ye would."

### **The Skeleton's Message.**

---


An ice-cold hand in benediction lay upon my head,  
Then down the corridor I heard the sound of flying  
tread—

And Day had grown more dim—its flickering lights  
flashed up like rockets,  
I stood, and gazed—into a Skeleton's empty sockets !

## MY HEART'S IN THE MOUNTAINS.

"My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;  
My heart's in the Highlands, a chasing the deer."

—Robert Burns.

 MY heart's in the Mountains, my heart is not  
here;  
My heart's in the Mountains, where roam  
the wild deer.

There limpid, white rivulets wantonly twine,  
And dance on their way through the dark forest pine.  
And the sapphire blue dome seems ready to fall  
To let us peep over its bright shining wall:  
And earth towards heaven rises up for a kiss,  
Where nature harmoniously blends in sweet bliss.  
Oh the skies are so near, and this world seems so far,  
As faintly we see it—a dim, distant star.

### **My Heart's in the Mountains.**

---

No art could those scenes of perfection surpass ;  
Where the breath of the angels bedews the soft grass,  
That shrouds with its multiple shades of green  
The deep breast of the vales, where the high rocks lean,  
An invincible shield, for the Ranchman's tent,  
'Gainst the glare of the sun or the wild wind's vent.  
Oh mountains! Oh mountains! so lofty in pride,  
When calmly I sleep may I lie by thy side :  
While the song of the Lark as he rises on high,  
Will bear an earth-prayer, in his notes to the sky.

My heart's in the Mountains, my heart is not here ;  
My heart's in the Mountains, where roam the wild  
deer :

In dreams I now wander among them once more,  
With all the high hope that my bosom e'er bore ;  
A filling my soul and fast coursing each vein,

## **My Heart's in the Mountains.**

---

Like the bubbling wine that no cup can restrain.  
So exquisite the pain that sharpens my joy,  
It shapes a new pleasure that's free from alloy.  
In my soul is planted no sting of regret  
That I loved the Mountains, that I love them yet.

Could mortal see them and not sink in the dust,  
At the feet of their strength, and wondering, trust  
The power that built them, and made them sublime,  
And gave to their keeping this warm heart of mine?  
A spirit in Aidenn, I'd visit their glens,  
And search for the traces that made us dear friends.

Oh Mountains! Oh Mountains! I shall not forget  
Your power to banish all worry and fret;  
And forever I'll turn my languishing eye,  
Where far in the westward your grandeur looms high.


## **My Heart's in the Mountains.**

---

For your peaceful solitudes gladly I'd give  
An Empire, unguarded by love, where I live.  
Your rocks and your crags should my weary soul charm,  
And pillow my head on their strong loyal arm.



## LATE AUTUMN.

 OLD starts the wind—a smothered wail—  
All homelike cheer is cloistered in ;  
The plundered trees along the vale,  
Stretch forth their branches, bare and thin.

The moon is chilling to our sight,  
The stars are shrunk to half their size ;  
No witchery haunts nor guards the night,  
To still its melancholy cries.

## HYACINTHS.

**H**ETCH not a Hyacinth to my sight—  
A Hyacinth, with petals white,  
The sweetest flower that blooms in spring,  
Sad tears into my eyes would bring.

Hyacinths purple, Hyacinths red,  
Bring here only when I am dead :  
Emblems to me of swift spent hours,  
When Hope went groping ' mong the flowers;

When all was shimmer, shine, and sheen,  
With not a blur on the sun, I ween.  
Such hours are few to mortal lives,  
That live in bustling, busy hives.

### Hyacinths.

---

Then fetch no Hyacinth to my sight,  
That holds the bow of Apollo's might.  
Let years go by and take from me,  
All that I knew and loved in thee.

I'd not recall with faintest thrill,  
The meadow and the wandering rill—  
Ashes of love lie in that stream,  
Down where flowering Hyacinths dream.

So fetch no Hyacinth to my sight,  
That's bathed in purple, red, or white;  
I would forget that e'er I knew  
Hope could be false and love untrue.

IGNIS FATUUS.

**T**IME adds no crown of youth to our brows,  
Nor quickens our sluggish pace;  
But he gives us something more—  
Contentment—at fourscore!  
Though he leaves us a furrowed face.

It is then we see through vistas dim,  
And catch a glimpse of the time  
When a child, in rapturous glee,  
Sailed out on life's bright sea—  
In search of some far sunny clime.

He sailed and he sailed from land to land,  
And crossed each flowery path;

## Ignis Fatuus.

---

Golden Hills far distant lay,  
Seeking them he hastened away,—  
But *them*—no pleasure else he hath.

But his strength diminished, day by day,  
The Golden Hills dimmer grew ;  
Undaunted, he struggled on—  
If he could reach but one,  
When there—it vanished from his view !

LET US HIE TO SOME ISLAND.

**L**ET us hie to some island, far out in the sea,  
Where the South Wind doth linger to kiss  
every tree;  
Where the Sun as he wooes is all gentle and kind,  
And not changing so oft as some friends that we find.

Where the story of life is retold by the wave,  
As it lashes and crashes the sands to their grave:  
We can trace in those atoms, our own parallel—  
How our destinies form, alas! no one can tell.

Let us hie to some island, far out in the sea,  
Where our lives we would make ever happy and free;  
Where no deep-seated anger, nor envy's black scar—  
Where no clangor of gossip could calm moments  
mar:

## Let Us Hie To Some Island.

---

Where the odor of flowers the senses pervade ;  
And from leaves of the roses the couches are made.  
Oh ! there wrapped in the arms of our mother—the sea,  
How deliciously quiet our day dreams would be.

Let us hie to some island, far out in the sea—  
To a hut that is thatched with a rich panoply  
Of great Worlds in the skies that are yet all unknown ;  
Whose æons and pæans are still all their own.

When the last Noon has passed, with her longest-drawn  
sighs,  
And the Eve's deepest gray steals so close on our eyes,  
A sweet rest would our bodies find down in the deep,  
Where the coralline mosses are all fast asleep.

TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

**T**HOUGH for a time we are severed,  
And our hearts break in twain,  
And though our years should be trebled,  
We shall meet, love, again.

Time holds no score for the heart that's true—  
Put off your sad dreading;  
We shall meet when the year is new,  
Though slow the days are treading.




TO ANOTHER.

**D**EAR friend, I miss thy fair, sweet face,  
With daintily penciled brow,  
Thy Greek profile, whereon I trace  
A grief that hurts thee now.

May years bring peace and love to thee,  
And may a changing tide  
Bear thee swift and safe again to me  
To linger by my side.

## MARSHALL PASS.

OUNTAINS above us, and mountains below  
Some, ragged and bare, some, covered with  
snow.

Here, fire-scarred old Ouray uprears his head,  
And his shadows across our pathway spread,  
Forbidding us enter this land in its prime—  
Glorious mid-country! Theme of my rhyme!

Our height was great when we started this day,  
We've traveled upward as much on our way;  
At last, we rest on the pinnacle of spheres,  
Where, like the melting snows, vanish our fears.  
It beggars words—the sublimity of view—  
We mutter, "Would that our friends were here, too."

## Marshall Pass.

---

Hurling round these curves so strangely, it seems,  
We're gliding away to a realm of dreams.  
Not the wondrous descriptions we have read,  
Our expectancy to the real have led.  
Hushed is our breath and as silent our sighs,  
So near, bend o'er us the beautiful skies.

Far beneath us, reaching out and around,  
Roll the soft valleys—a changing green ground.  
Like surging billows, they run to our feet—  
In their arms, the perfume of wild flowers, sweet.  
Mingled with the fragrance from cedars above,  
'Tis a nectarine drink—akin but to love.

Here, the miles upon miles of snow sheds file  
Out in long line, like sombre black tile.  
The glories of spring are but transient here,

## Marshall Pass.

---

So oft 'tis bound in snowfastnesses drear.  
From the North, King Thor comes in his chariot,  
And o'er these hills swings his strong lariat.

Now fainter, and fainter, and far more dim  
Grow objects below. O'er tree tops we swim.  
This ocean of clouds looks like a balloon,  
Meandering to the shores of the moon.  
We might on some electric current rise,  
Until we greet those who dwell in the skies.

Powerful, self-poised, as victors in war,  
Stand the engines, while trembles every car.  
We've risen at last, to the height of this range!  
Sensations of awe, deliciously strange,  
Pervade our beings; tears swim in our eyes.  
The engine is moving—ownward it flies.

## Marshall Pass.

---

Adieu to the Pass! We've crossed the Divide!  
And now press forward along with the tide.  
O'er valleys, and pine-clad mountains we speed,  
And deserts, where there is not a green reed.  
On! through the beautiful Valley of Utah—  
The charming, fruitful Valley of Utah!

Here linger some Indians, loiteringly,  
Dreading to commence their march to the sea.  
*One* knew their helplessness, in pity, told  
How their wrongs, and virtues, had taken mold.  
In a tomb, high, in Cheyenne's rocky shade,  
She rests, 'neath Colorado's blue skies laid.

Good-bye to the mountains! Good-bye to the plain!  
Where sparingly falls the blessing of rain—  
Yet, look! for yonder rise great black clouds,

### Marshall Pass.

---

And fine, white mist our lovely view enshrouds.  
Farewell to the mountains! Farewell to the plain!  
Oft shall your beauties revive in our brain.

TO MERCURY.

**P**RAY stop, dear Mercury, in your flight,  
And bear my love a message to-night—  
And every night, for many a year,  
This self-same message take my dear.

Afar she's waiting in the shade  
Of copse and glen, where the rivers played,  
And danced in merriment to the sea,  
Sending their breakers o'er the lea.

On banks of Lotus and wild flowers,  
She dreams away the tedious hours,  
While the singing birds about her twine,  
Until they sink in sleep divine ;

## To Mercury.

---

And the pearly drops of dew descend,  
To find their way where the roses blend,  
And blush amid the snow of her cheek,—  
While playing roguish hide and seek.

No Praxiteles could wish to grace  
His art with a fairer, sweeter face,  
Or with a form more heavenly guised  
Than this that earth hath realized.

But the clear blue of her dear eyes,  
Was strained through the starry skies—  
No earthly power lent its aid  
To create, when her dear eyes were made.

To know my message, Mercury, dear,  
Look in her eyes—oh, very near—  
Lo! in those liquid, languishing deeps,  
With arrows furled, Sir Cupid sleeps.



## FAME.

**F**AME! a fire-fly by night,  
A rich mirage by day;  
Is ever shy, alert,  
And bides *her* time to stay.

Concealed within the breast  
Of every living man,  
A downy couch is set,  
That she may easily scan.

To merit her regard?—  
No being e'er canst tell  
Obeisance how to make  
To please My Lady well.

## Fame.

---


If one doth care for her,  
    She snubs with right good will ;  
If chill *your* attitude,  
    Why, she will beckon still.

To-day, she wears a frown ;  
    To-morrow, she will speak.  
Exceptions prove the rule,  
    When you get what you seek.

The man who best has earned  
    His way into her camp,  
Is often set beside  
    Some rusty old revamp.

Tyrant! and Dictatress!  
    Man's putty in her hands,  
And gives his best of life,  
    To browse upon her lands.

## A FRAGMENT.

NE walked in the meadows by daylight,  
Scanning the beauties there,  
And he traced, in the growing spring-  
light,  
Memories faintly there.

He wandered abroad by the moonlight—  
Drinking such pleasures rare,  
While he dreamed in the coming twilight,  
Of his own country fair.

He staggered homeward, in the graylight,  
To pass the night time there—  
On one lone grave in the east light  
The sun shines sweetly fair.

IN THREE ACTS.




Oh roses red, and roses new,  
Lie in my hands, as they came from you.  
No leaf is broken, the dew is still here—  
It lies on each petal, a glistening tear!

Oh roses red, and roses new,  
Flash o'er my bosom their brilliant hue;  
They speak to me love's fervent appeal—  
They dull my senses—I sink, I reel!

Now roses red that once were new,  
Have lost their color and fragrance, too.  
Each faded petal doth droop its head—  
In sorrow hears Love's vanishing tread.

## THE WAIL OF THE ROSE.

*Addressed to Daisy L. W.*


“H, give me back my native charm”—  
The Rose in plaintive accents cried—  
“The simple graces that I wore  
Before I bowed me down to pride.

“ My fragrance and my gorgeous dress  
May deck the halls of luxury ;  
But these I'd gladly lose to gain  
The Daisy's sweet simplicity.”

Then, Daisy, dear, be like this flower,  
Your own true self the live-long day.  
So gladden, lowly, care-worn hearts,  
And smiling cheer the weary way.

## WHAT OF ANSWER TO PRAYER?

*An Incident of the Johnstown Flood.*

 DOWN the valley of the Conemaugh  
The Angel of Death hath sped;  
And the dusk of night that dropped in  
his flight,  
O'er the soul of man hath spread.  
In torrents he dashed, then onward he flashed,  
As if by Demons led!

Sad is the tale the morning tells, it tells  
A tale of hapless woe,  
When nor saint above, nor the God of Love,  
Did cast a glance below.

## What of Answer to Prayer?

---

Was the Promise kept, to mothers who wept—  
Wept o'er their children so?

That Promise says: "If unto me ye call,  
Call on me fervently,  
I will hear thy prayer, my Presence show there,  
And help thee instantly."  
Ah! what greater faith than this, that saith:  
"I trust Thee perfectly."

"I trust, and give to Thee my child, tho' dark  
The night, and naught I see  
But the foaming flood, and the piled up wood,  
On great destruction's sea;  
And the face of man, when a flaming fan  
Doth sweep o'er him and me!

### What of Answer to Prayer?

---

“Dear Lord! here take my child, I pray, and keep,  
O, keep him safe from harm;  
When the dashing wave that we both must brave,  
Hath clasped *me* in its arm;  
And I lie so cold, with the young and old,  
Where no love of life can charm.

“For see, dear Lord, this child is not afraid—  
*My* child, so bright and fair—”  
“Nay, I am not afraid,” the dear boy said,  
“For God is everywhere.  
He cannot be far; though bound on that spar,  
He’ll surely see me there.”

Cruelly faith of mother, faith of child,  
Met their answer that day;  
When the morning came, in the mire and flame,



## What of Answer to Prayer?

---

That dear child mangled lay!  
What of the test? did that mother do best,  
To prove their faith that way?

Reply, ye who have sought answer to prayer,  
And hold the error down;  
No help, in that sense, no Special Providence,  
Doth any effort crown;  
Else discord would reign, and would, it is plain,  
All systems in it drown.

Eternal Law must be obeyed, and all  
Acts their penalties bear;  
We cannot push aside the rushing tide,  
Though Crowns of Grace we wear;  
Nor escapes any man this justness of plan,  
Though pass his life in prayer.

## OUR LAND.




N all this wide globe but one land is found,  
Where the poor and the rich man's rights are  
bound.


Blessed Columbia! The crown of the world.  
Never in wrong is thy banner unfurled!  
The blood of tyrants runs not through thy frame,  
Nor mantles thy cheek with Injustice's shame.

When minions of Hate spread nets for thy feet,  
With untangled composure thou risest from the heat  
Of conflicts waged over thy people's own right;  
And thou marchest in triumph from the thick fight,  
Bearing in thy hands a blessing that tells,—  
Freedom, a birthright, in thy land yet dwells.

## LINCOLN.

 HE deeds of him who bore that name,  
On Ethiopia's soul are marked in flame!  
Caressed at birth by Toil's hard hands,  
He lingered not, till Life's uplands  
Rose clear, distinct before his gaze—  
A golden mist from purplish haze.  
Honesty, faith, pure love, exemplified;  
Great Nature wept when Lincoln died!

SHALL WE SAY GOOD-BYE?

 SHALL we say good-bye?  
Smile a little, utter a sigh,  
Then choke the sobs beneath our  
breath,  
And wish that this were only death?

Shall we say good-bye?  
And crush the roses where they lie,  
Let their perfume sink in the ground?—  
It hath covered many a wound.

Shall we say good-bye?  
Nevermore look at the bright sky,  
Nevermore see the angels pass—  
Only look down on sodden grass?

## Shall We Say Good-Bye?

---

Shall we say good-bye?  
Nor part with a kiss, you and I?  
While from this tropic zone we creep,  
To hide us in some snowy deep?

## ALONE.

**I** SAW a woman wend her way—her weary way,  
Along the road, with weights in hand,  
Upon a gloomy market day.

She was a crippled mass of pain—of aching pain,  
And as she passed she turned her head—  
Her clothes were dripping with the rain.

Her lot in life had been to tread o'er chasms deep;  
It made the heart of God o'erflow,  
But not the eyes of man to weep.

I lifted my head, and raised my eyes to the sky,  
And in my heart I said, "Thank God—  
I thank my God, it is not I."

### Alone.

---

Then I clutched my throat—as tho' t'were a curse to  
say—

How many still look up to God,  
While, like the Pharisee, they pray.

Dear Mercy, turn thine eyes—deep bathed in Pity's  
light,

To where a woman stands alone,  
Beneath the dusk of sorrow's night.

PIERRE BARNARD.

**H**E was a soldier and he wore the Union blue ;  
His form was tall and slim, his face of dusky  
hue;

As straight as any arrow ever shot from bow,  
And heart as warm and brave as any that you know.  
He came from southern lands, he knew oppression's rod,  
A soil where all were free his feet had never trod.

A something from his mother colored deep his cheek,  
But in his breast a flame like to the ancient Greek  
Rose quick and strong—heritage from that warlike race  
Whose renegade son had limned the features of his face;  
And, curdled to resentment, in his heart that day,  
Foamed all the agony he'd known along his way.



## Pierre Barnard.

---

“A message must be taken; who will volunteer?  
The act is fraught with danger, the way is dark and  
drear.”

A gloomy stillness fell on all the faces round,  
Each pale lip trembled then, but uttered not a sound;  
For well they knew that he who went that errand last,  
*Had never told them of the dangers he had passed.*

“Speak up, my men, be brave. 'Tis Duty's voice that  
calls,

Think that your country honors every man that falls.”  
The Captain's voice then faltered and he thought of  
home;

And patient hearts that waited there for him to come.  
His brow grew sad; he spake no more in urgent tones;  
He seemed to feel the sabre thrust and hear loud groans.

Then, as the silence heavy grew, there stepped forth  
one

## Pierre Barnard.

---

That gallant marched to the Captain's side, who said:

“ My son,

Will you this paper bear?—I see, you're native here,  
And so must know the way, and have not much to fear.  
The time is brief; before to-morrow's sun shall rise,  
We hope to march abreast where now the Rebel lies.”

“ I'll take the message, though I do not know the way,  
I came from farther south—way down by Mobile Bay;  
And there I left a good, kind mother, sweetheart, too—  
Ah! should I not return to them, what will they do?  
But quick! give me the scroll, no soldier should bewear;  
This war is now for freedom! 'Tis *freedom* that I seek.

“ Freedom! freedom from him whose blood runs in my  
veins;

Whose child I am, whose *love* I bear in lingering pains.

### Pierre Barnard.

---

Now point the way, and bid me God speed to the end;  
And—should I come no more, a token southward send,  
That *two* who dwell amid the olive and the rose,  
May know I trembled not when I fell among my foes.”

Then flew o’er hills and hollows and along the Ing,  
That gallant youth! who harkened not the rifle’s ring;  
As low he bent upon his steed, till horse and man  
But one object appeared, so swift their shadows ran.  
Then lo! across his path there rose an armed band  
Of southern men, whose leader bade the youth to stand.

“My master’s business bids me haste, and not delay”—  
Then fell his eye on one he could not wish to slay.

“What would you have with me? And what wish you  
to know?”

“If you have come just now from yonder skulking foe?”

## Pierre Barnard.

---

“Yea. I have come but now from that great, noble  
crew,  
And wish to hasten on—my master! what would you  
do?”

“Shackle the slave! who leaves an honored post to come  
And lead the low-bred northern hounds upon his home!  
Scourge! bind him fast! then teach the blackened  
brute to tell  
How much he knows of them. This suits our purpose  
well.”

Sprang forward, then, the men, to do their leader's will,  
And counted not their host till one lay cold and still!

Then demons rose within, his swarthy cheek burned  
red,

Pierre Barnard.

---

And glowed like heatful embers whence the flames have  
fled.

“Coward! Monster! Know that I am no longer *slave*”—  
His voice thickened to a sob—“Nor do I crave  
Your blood. Beneath this fez of savage type, I own  
A kindred texture—through the seed that ye have  
sown.

“Pray think of this, and part your ranks and let me go  
Upon my journey, ere the sun has sunk more low.”

“Halt! you blubbering beast! You have some papers  
there

I want; then what becomes of you I do not care.”

“I guard them with my life, pray do not come more  
near,

It is a sacred duty which I hold most dear.”

## Pierre Barnard.

---

Ah me! what fiends lived in the throat of him who said:  
"Take from him now the papers, or living or dead!"  
Thus goaded to distraction from his horse he leapt,  
And on his foe, like wildest animal, he swept!  
Their glittering steels clashed long, wielded by equal  
strength,  
Yet each knew one must fall and measure there his  
length.

"Great God! I cannot battle more"—he turned him  
quick—

"*He is my father!* Lord forgive, forgive,"—click! click!  
A score of rifles flung their bullets through the air,  
Into the breast of him who uttered forth that prayer.

\* \* \* \* \*

O'er southern hills the sun glowed to a deeper red,  
When Pierre Barnard lay neath its rays, all mangled,  
*dead!*

ON THE HEIGHTS AT BELLEVUE.



H dearest Grace, do you remember

That start in the early dawning,

And the good, stout team that drew us  
along,

In the chill of the cool, gray morning?

Oh shall you ever forget—shall I?

How we shivered and ached all through,

Though amply paid for the journey, as we drove

In our robes, to the top of Bellevue!

It was like standing upon the ledge

Of some great old crumbling castle,

As we tried to walk with a firmer tread,

Over that high and rocky trestle.

### On the Heights at Bellevue.

---

Though a listless, dreamy sensation  
    Crept over us there as we stood;  
With the world at our feet, we were roaming  
    In a fragrant evergreen wood:

In a lovely garden of roses,  
    With violets growing between—  
The sweet blue violet of our childhood,  
    That would grace the home of a queen.

The hours, gliding by, reminded us  
    We must descend to earth again.  
Ah! dearest Grace, shall we ever live o'er  
    Those precious moments, and when?



## UNDER THE WILLOWS.

**U**NDER the willows, in the lane,  
Wringing her hands with maddened  
pain,

Now back and forth she wanders there—

A being once so young and fair,

A victim now to ceaseless woe—

In every face she sees a foe.

Twelve years ago, here on this plain,

Her lover lay stricken and slain.

Her hands caressed his mangled corse,

And guided hence his wounded horse.

Down in the lane, by the chestnut's side,

They laid her love—poor desolate bride!

## Under The Willows.

---

Cruel! cruel! the hands that fought;  
Cruel! cruel! the deed they wrought.  
Patience, nor love, nor sorrow deep,  
Can from her brain that agony keep,  
As wringing ever her hands with pain  
She wanders nightly in the lane.

For years this vigil she has kept—  
For years her eyes no tears have wept.  
Her hair that once was bright and brown  
Hangs like gray mould upon her gown.  
And features wan, and sunken eyes,  
Now tell of Hope's despairing cries.

A wild rose climbed up to her sill—  
The rose of passion and strong will;  
“Come forth, my love,” sighed out its breath,

## Under The Willows.

---

"Come forth, though it be instant death !  
Far better so, than that long years  
Should render naught but barren tears."

She heard the whisper sweet, and went—  
Went ere her life had been half spent,  
Went to a doom far worse than death—  
Went where murderers crept by stealth,  
Like bloodhounds on the culprit's track,  
To shroud her life in deepest black.

She answered Love's appealing call,  
And gave her life and all, for all.  
Now woe and heartache are her gain—  
She hath no sense but unto pain.  
While still to those who ruin brought  
Come honors many, and unsought.

## Under The Willows.

---

Yet walks not at their side by night,  
Or chills their blood in the sun's bright light,  
That which hath power to slay each charm—  
That which than armies can do more harm?  
O mighty Conscience! Whence art thou,  
That keepest seat up o'er our brow;

And stalk'st about in garments white,  
And, virtuous, flaunts them in our sight;  
Making grim figures of us all,  
Who, stubborn, venture where we fall?  
Yet oft when thou shouldst be awake  
Thou sleepest, letting the devil take

Thy throne. But only when thou art child,  
With experience undefiled;  
An injured conscience never rests,

## Under The Willows.

---

Nor listens well Satan's behests.  
No one his conscience e'er may kill,  
Wounded, it falters—but liveth still.

Sad child of Fate! wert thou but one,  
My tale had been more quickly done.  
But many lives are such as thine,  
Many, who live and make no sign,  
Have sorrows deep and constant woe  
That follow them where e'er they go.

Some duty has been left undone,  
Or, mayhap, two have not been one.  
Ambition's star has gloomed the day,  
Obscured the good within their way,  
Till life now holds no further thing  
That echoes forth *true* metal's ring.

## Under The Willows.

---

Morn after morn to sense they stir,  
And hear from far the whirl on whirl  
Of Fortune's wheels go thundering by,  
Bringing no good to where they lie;  
But in her wake, with lumbering course,  
Stops at their door her blackened hearse!

\* \* \* \* \*

Sick Hope and Fancy take their flight,  
And seek out shelter in the night;  
Wringing ever their hands with pain,  
Like her who wanders in the lane.

TO AN INCONSTANT FRIEND.

**W**HEN other friends have failed thee—  
When other hopes have flown,  
When sorrow's gloom is o'er thee,  
And dark the sun that shone :

When life is full of tangles—  
A doleful web at best—  
A broken bell that jangles,  
Discordant 'mong the rest :

When Time has brought no solace  
From those you turn to now,  
When you would fain efface  
The lines upon your brow :

**To An Inconstant Friend.**

---

When in some desperate moment  
You think upon the past—  
Know that your life is pregnant  
With woes yourself have cast!



TO A BEAUTIFUL LADY.

**W**HY forever dwell in that state of suppression ?

Your coldness and disdain are but seeming;

A heart warm and brimful of emotion,

In your bosom lies dreaming.

Somehow you never allow your friends to know you ;

Nor do you ever seem to be yourself ;

Something forever in bondage holds you—

Some demon or prankish elf.


Awaken ! awaken from your slough of error !

And gird about thee thy mantle of youth ;

And despite that long nightmare of terror,

Rise into the realms of Truth.

## MUSIC.

UEEN of all the Muses, our solace for fears,  
Closely you bind us to the silence of years!  
As spreads before our vision a mantle gay,  
All mottled and seamed with the threads from Life's way.  
In places it flames with a vividness rare  
That tells of the mystical moments spent there:  
We see in each color that dawns on our eyes,  
Where the most of our pleasure or sorrow lies.  
So thickly is woven with our every thought,  
This garment that Fate with our destinies wrought.

Essence of love! And the promise of repose,  
Awaiting all mortals at life's weary close.  
Whether hushing to sleep the child on our breast,

## Music.

---

Or wafting soft requiems o'er soldiers at rest;  
Whether ring your glad notes o'er mountains afar,  
Or echo the sounds of victory in war,  
In all it is music, and dwells on our ears  
Like some word of forgiveness from Him who hears.  
Our hearts can but melt at the sound of your voice,  
Be it gruesome or gleesome, weep or rejoice.

By your soothing influence all men are akin;  
You highten the good in us—smother the sin,  
And bring us *en rapport* with what is divine;  
Round purity, only, your silvery threads twine.  
In dim, distant ages, the lute and the lyre  
Tamed the wild beasts, and enkindled with fire  
In the bosoms of men, longings for freedom,  
That made their souls delve for the seeds of wisdom;  
And catch each gold ray of thought as t'was spun  
In glistening meshes from the heart of the sun.

## Music.

---

We fancy the universe moved by your keys,  
As sways the green branch with the breath of the breeze.  
No mortal but owns the wealth of your powers,  
Like the blessing of fragrance from souls of flowers.  
When all the Muses are aweary with pain;  
When love they have sought and have sought it in vain;  
When Niobe's tears are all frozen and cold,  
And the gray arm of Death her children enfold,  
The delicate strings of your harp will not break,  
But their low minor chords in beauty awake!


And now, far and near, your tones vibrate o'er all,  
Like the march of soldiers down some spacious hall.  
Thus gliding and whirling you carry my soul  
On the magical wings of thoughts you control.  
On the tips of those wings I rise in the air,  
Where Fancy is building her castles so fair;

## Music.

---

And I join in the crowds of aspiring ones,  
Afloat on the nebula of stars and of suns;  
In barks that are bright with the luster of gold,  
And encrusted with gems from mines very old.

MARIE, BLITHE AND FAIR.

H Marie, so blithe and fair!  
With laughing blue eyes, and bonnie  
brown hair,  
And the step of a queen;  
Yet much more grace, I ween,  
Hath Marie, blithe and fair.

Oh Marie, so blithe and fair!  
With a voice like birds that dwell in the air,  
So sweet is each note—  
That trills in the white throat  
Of Marie, blithe and fair.

Oh Marie, so blithe and fair!  
With a smile that is winsome and so rare;

### Marie, Blithe and Fair.

---

And such dewy sweet lips,  
And lovely finger tips,  
Hath Marie, blithe and fair.

Oh Marie, so blithe and fair!  
Thou art worthy to be loved, and to share  
In the calm of a life,  
With care nor sorrow rife,  
For Marie, blithe and fair.

SUPREMEST MOMENT OF BLISS.



SUPREMEST moment of bliss!

When a mother gives her babe the first  
kiss;

And stoops in rapture to gaze on its brow,  
And wonder if the angels are missing it now.  
Then closely scanning its sweet, dimpled face—  
Imbedded in daintiest white frills of lace,  
She makes an impossible effort to see  
Which it resembles more—"dear papa or me."  
Then lifting up its chubby, pink hand,  
That tightens its grip on her wedding band,  
She fancies already the strength of the *man*,  
Reaching out—the wisdom of worlds to span!



## AN IMPLORATION TO SLEEP.



MOST gentle Sleep!

Press your downy wings upon my  
head,

With your lightest steps around me tread.

Take away all thorns of sorrow,

From my heart its burdens borrow.

O Fairy Goddess!

Press your feathery hand upon my brow;

Bear me to the land of slumbers, now.

Numb my sense to carking care;

Smooth my bed with your fingers fair.

Comforter of woe!

Press my eyelids with your softening kiss,

## An Imploration to Sleep.

---

There is rest in thy land—not in this.

Let oblivion o'er me creep,

A foretaste of eternal sleep.

Dear Angel of Peace!

Press, oh press me in thy warm caress,

My heart to thee all faults will confess.

O wrap me in thy clinging arms,

And shelter me from worldly harms.

Best boon to mortals!

Pour, oh pour your incense on my cheek.

Though my path with stormful cares doth reek,

If bolstered by thy own sweet strength,

I'll travel o'er its darkling length.


TO HELEN.

**I** KNOW a girl whose name is Helen,  
A village only, does she dwell in ;  
Yet all the people of that town  
Love well, the girl who wears no frown.

Oh Helen, dear, you are a treasure,  
To meet you always is a pleasure :  
You are the girl that suits my heart,  
I would that we might never part.

In depths your eyes so limpid be,  
They rival e'en, with brilliancy,  
The brightest star that shines at night,  
On your dear brow of placid white.

A RIDDLE.

 HERE was a red, red rose in a cup of gold,  
But the heart of that rose lay hid ;  
The leaves that flushed with each tale that  
was told,  
Closed over it like a lid.

And many, ah! many lovers sought to know  
What that buried heart concealed ;  
While its petals, they flushed and trembled so,  
But their secret ne'er revealed.

## AUTUMN WINDS.



UTUMN winds are sighing ;  
Over all a dread is lying;  
Lovely flowers now are dying;  
Sweetest birds away are hying—  
Fast away to sunny climes.

Gay, beauteous summer's past ;  
Like earthly joys, it would not last.  
Unto our courage, as a test,  
The rest to us is left.

Autumn winds are sighing ;  
Deep within their graves are lying,  
Where the purple flowers are dying,


## Autumn Winds.

---

Where our feet are quickly hying—  
The loved, the lost, the blest.

Though Spring should come no more,  
Nor Autumn winds waft o'er the shore,  
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,  
Upon some summer morning?

## AN EASTER PILGRIMAGE.

 'ER far Judea's shores now softly floats the air—  
The odorant breezes of the orient fair.  
To dust, has the body of our Christ crumbled  
there—

Ah! who shall the bosom of this mystery bare?

Thus meditating, through the lapse of time we hear  
A voice, faint and tender, on the clear atmosphere:  
"He giveth his beloved sleep." And on the night winds  
drear,

Sound the comforting words: "It is I, do not fear."

Again, low hang the clouds above Jerusalem's wall,  
A darkness denser than the densest funeral pall;

## *An Easter Pilgrimage.*

---

The jeering crowd to each in doomful whispers call,  
And downward, neath the Cross, in horror, swooning  
fall.

Now in bursting shame the heart of Earth is riven;  
And in pealing thunder sends its cries to heaven—  
How can man this awful crime be e'er forgiven?  
Oh! the nails that in the flesh of Christ were driven!

Through upheaved earth the serpents crawl and hiss  
and sting,  
While dragons rear their dreadful heads and upward  
fling  
Into the air the dead men's bones that round them cling;  
And mermaids rise out of the sea and doleful sing.



## An Easter Pilgrimage.

---

Deep-gorged with woe, the swelling clouds do nearer  
roll,

And Satan from his den the bells of hell doth toll.

To cheer his imps, he howls and sings; then dance the  
foal—

E'en one his spear doth raise, to speed the parting soul.

But hark! breathe not—one direful instant now is come,  
Creation can no more, but, palsied, stops, is dumb.

Must God's long labor now be lost? Is this the sum?

"Forgive, they know not what they do," then pleads  
the Holy One.

The warlike angels range themselves, with sword in  
hand—

"Lay down your arms." 'Tis God's imperious com-  
mand—

## An Easter Pilgrimage.

---

“Though no revenge we take, or on the sea or land,  
Shall man his conscience rest, till Christ before him  
stand.”

Great God! was it for this that Mary bare a son?  
And on the Mountain's top a victory was won?  
Dear God, look down, and say if 'tis *Thy will* that's done.  
Oh! quench this agony and free the Lowly One.

“Eli! Eli! lama Sabachthani!” That cry  
Through pallid lips in fainting voice doth reach the sky;  
And at its call the rocks do part, with rending sigh,  
That tears the earth in twain where dead men's bodies  
lie.

The hideous things in earth and sea their mouths spread  
wide,

## *An Easter Pilgrimage.*

---

To offer refuge for the sin of man to hide.  
The lily and rose together, sorrowful, sighed,  
“How shall we raise our heads again, now Christ has  
died?”

Tis done! The Universe catches breath and man is  
saved,  
For Christ the Crucified our way to Heaven paved  
In drops of blood, more pure than pearls by ocean laved,  
More precious than the gems by earthly minions craved.

From ignominious death, our Lord at last is free,  
But when we look for Him, a risen man we see.  
Yea, truly hath He passed before us into Galilee;  
And drank Life's bitter waters in Gethsemane!

\* \* \* \* \*

## *An Easter Pilgrimage.*

---


And is this all a fable? To children to be said?  
If, when we search for its truth, as onward we tread,  
We should find but a phantom ship, that nowhere led,  
Though it plowed its way through the hearts of the dead,  
Must we submit? acknowledge that our hope is fled?

Nay. Not yet; we will cling to that old, old story,—  
To the story that's new—though aged and hoary—  
Round it there rises a radiance of glory,  
Like the flashes of light from battlefields gory.

\* \* \* \* \*

When the sun's bright rays droop low in the further  
    skies,  
Then the moon and the stars softer gleam on our eyes  
But the sun in its beauty again before us lies,  
And so, forever, in our hearts, a Christ shall rise!

## CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

HRYSANTHEMUMS white, Chrysanthemums red,  
Standing in beauty over the dead ;  
Filling the air with fragrance and light,  
And blooming ever, from morn till night,  
In places left vacant, and cold, and still,  
By lovely flowers that went at will,  
Down to their graves, where winter snows  
Cover every bloom that blows.

Chrysanthemums white, Chrysanthemums red,  
May shelter our graves when we are dead ;  
But shall we know their fragrance and light?  
And shall we see how beautiful, bright,

### **Chrysanthemums.**

---

And graceful they bend above where we lie,  
Looking their innocence to the sky;  
Or shall we sleep where winter snows  
Cover every bloom that blows?

TO FLORA.

**W**HEN far away, by other hands caressed,  
Oh, may your thoughts a moment  
turn

To her whose head your hands have blessed,  
When held against your bosom pressed.

That head is now bowed down in grief,  
For the sake of one no longer near ;  
A desolate soul seeks no relief,  
But calmly waits, a tryst to keep.

## THE EAST WIND BLOWS.

**T**HE east wind blows, the west wind blows,  
The leaves twirl round, low sinks the rose;  
In my heart, a place all covered with  
                  snows,

Is icy cold, as tho' 'twere froze.

It is the place where nestled my love—  
Sincere and warm as a white-breasted dove;  
It hath spread its wings and flown away,  
Or lies asleep in yon blue bay.



IN THE CLOUDS.

**W**HAT effort is beyond the ken of man?  
Unto his touch he finds the impossible  
yielding,  
As on the mountain's silvery summit is perched  
A city of his building.

E'en where the Arkansas—a narrow stream,  
One foot of man could span—comes trickling from  
above,  
Widening and deepening as onward it flows  
Like to a mother's love.

All weird and ghostly, thou standest alone—  
Unto thyself thine own law, City of the Range!

## In The Clouds.

---

Than thou thy freedom abandon, oh, sooner could  
Thy great Mount, massive, change.

Upon thy snow-capped peaks of purest white,  
Reflecting fair colors from the sun's golden beams,  
Most foul and direful deeds are done—Oh how  
Incongruous it seems!

Now list, a shot is fired—some poor wretch reels!  
No note is taken, further than to hark the sound—  
Men cannot stop in their mad search for gold to count  
The bullets whistling round.

And thus, many a youth and bearded man,  
But a rough place in the rocks to cool his flesh has  
    found;  
Even where he sought, with a Midas grasp, to wrench  
A fortune from the ground.

AT MY FATHER'S GRAVE.

I STOOD by a wide open grave,  
And craned my neck to gaze down in—  
The place was dug for one I loved,  
My father's corpse would lie therein.

Great God! and is this all of life?  
This festering, hideous lump of clay—  
Oh no; not hideous, for a smile  
Across the brow, yet lingering lay.

But yesterday, I wrapped me 'bout  
That frail, attenuated frame,  
And heard a loving voice speak  
My own and my dead mother's name.

## At My Father's Grave.

---


But yesterday, it seemeth now,  
Merry, I trotted on his knee,  
And toddled round the room with him,  
The famous Banbury horse to see.

What do we know of the beyond?  
Or where the millions dead do throng?  
In blotted form some light we get,  
But the impression lasts not long.


Nor takes on any accurate shape,  
All, in confusion, direful reigns;  
The mind a darkened chaos is,  
That listens for immortal strains.

We sprout, we bud, we bloom, we die!  
Aye, such by nature is our doom!  
What e'er the power that brought us life,  
'Twill care for us down in the tomb.

## A MEMORY.

 S on the quiet of a clear, warm night,  
When moon and stars are shining bright;  
The Whip-poor-will's most mournful song  
Doth break upon the ear ere long;  
So in the hush of my own breast,  
When troubled waves are laid at rest,  
Some thought of thee will rise to break  
The calm, and make my soul its peace forsake.

## LITTLE ONE OF THE GOLDEN LOCKS.

H Little one of the Golden Locks!  
Under the sod you 're laid at rest,  
With hands crossed meekly o'er your breast,  
Your head upon the Cypress pressed,  
Your grave by the east winds caressed,  
And all your thoughts to Heaven confessed—  
Oh thou art blest!

Oh Little one of the Golden Locks!  
Here on this dreary earth we stay,  
Whilst thou hast gone a shining way;  
In gloom we pass our painful day,  
With aching feet that go astray;  
Through thorns and brambles, every day:  
Send thou to us a single ray  
That lights thy way!

## WHEN THE LAMP IS SHATTERED.

**W**HEN shattered is the lamp and lost its ray,  
And the clouds in thy life have unlimited  
sway;

When the skies hang o'er thee, a pall of dead black,  
With their lights all obscured, and lying at thy back;  
When all peace and all hope have long fled from thy  
view,

And dear Love and its charms are fast fading there, too;  
When thy friends have betrayed and thy lovers grown  
cold,

And this world, and all else, seems dreary and old;  
When nothing is worth a struggle to obtain,  
Nor sufficiently bad to cause you *more* pain;  
When hardened by sorrow, crisped and all sere,

### When the Lamp is Shattered.

---

With no strength for anger, nor room for a tear,  
Oh, then, my beloved, remember 'tis I—  
I, who will pity thy heart-broken sigh.




ON THE DEATH OF J. W. N.

**H**E lived in crowds,  
And spent his life in terraced halls of  
mirth,  
A man, who, every inch a king,  
Unto his friends showed most his worth.

In cities wide—  
Amidst their glare, and pomp, and brilliancy—  
On such high crest he sought for fame ;  
Nor wished he for kind leniency.

Oh, kindly man!  
With hearts aweight with grief, we cannot see  
Why Death in awful form should come,  
And take from all that crowd but thee.

## ECHOES.

H, echoes loud, and echoes long,  
The echoes sound forever!  
The echoes of a love that's dead—  
That died among the heather.

Oh, heather white, and heather red,  
The echoes sound forever!  
The echoes of a love that's dead—  
That died among the heather.

## THE POET'S REASON.

**B**EFORE the Seer's mind, Life hangs—a vision.  
To know the thoughts of men he needs  
but this—

Not sad experience or other reason.

He need not see, nor hear, nor feel,

Yet intuition, e'er will steal

Upon his consciousness, and make him its willing  
Interpreter. It would be treason

To say one life could hold, and know such change,  
And still with sanity contrive adhesion.

The native instincts of the mind

Create a canvas, interlined

With gold, varnished and etched with clear precision,

Or, faint, perchance—where it should be real—

### The Poet's Reason.

---

Where leaves are thick, the light lies in seclusion—

Too bright a sun will oftentimes fade

The very flower itself hath made.

Were all in life from circumstance evolved,

Genius, Sorrow's inevitable conclusion—

Genius! the gem, and gladness of the earth—

And did she bring to grosser things confusion,

How blest the man who first could boast

Comminglement with such mighty host.

## THE PRINCESS MAY.




CROSS the sea a Princess weeps ;  
Her love, Prince Albert, sleeps.  
For him no bridal feast is set—  
Instead, a bier, with tears bewet.

O Princess May! O Princess May!  
Sad fares thy heart this day :  
No tender lover holds thy hand—  
A widowed bride, alone, you stand.

BEAUTIFUL ROSE.


**B**EAUTIFUL Rose, La France!  
That doth my every sense entrance;  
That opens to my view  
With radiant flush of loveliest hue;  
In your petals concealed,  
Lies the richest perfume to mortals revealed.

## SCENES OF THE PAST.

CENES of the past! how oft they rise  
On Memory's tented vision!  
Oh! short and fleeting are the joys  
That seem to us Elysian.

Scenes of the past! The dreamy past—  
They but arise to cheat us;  
We reach our hands to grasp them fast;  
While they stop but to greet us.

## THE FIRE BURNS ON THE HEARTH.

 HE fire burns on the hearth to-night,  
With warm and glowing cheer ;  
To others 'tis a pleasant sight,  
To me the home is drear.

A chill runs through my frame  
That makes me start with pain.  
Out in the night it rains,  
But all my tears are vain.

The moon that lights the western sky  
Bows low her head in grief ;  
The birds no longer linger nigh,  
And nothing brings relief.




## **The Fire Burns on the Hearth.**

---

The sun has hid his face,  
The stars no longer shine,  
Oh, tell me where's the heart  
That echoes unto mine?

## APRÈS MORT.

OME twine the green laurel above his brow,  
Come cover his bosom with roses, now ;  
Come fill his hands with violets sweet—  
Come let him go to his Maker, meet.

Come tell him we know the good he has done,  
Come tell him we've heard of his battles won ;  
Come say we think him a very saint,  
Who never was found aweary nor faint.

Yea, come tell him all this and sound it loud—  
He never can hear it and feel more proud—  
To flatter vanity were a sin ;  
But he'll not hear it—*he's confined in.*

## ONE OF THE LOST.

**P**ASSION-DRIVEN, and tempest-tossed,  
She wanders there—one of the lost !  
She creeps along with lowered head,  
O'er places where the virtuous tread :  
To lift her eyes she'd be ashamed,  
None, more than she—herself hath blamed.

*Her* lines fell on hardened soil,  
Replete with sorrow, crime and toil.  
And shall we hate ? She's what they made her :  
An outcast, and a suffering stranger—  
Stranger to God ! and stranger to man—  
Oh, shroud your pity, ye who can,  
Virtue's Horoscope did not change,  
To grasp your souls within its range !


## One Of The Lost.

---

Gather your skirts away from her;  
And shun this blackened sepulcher!  
For, though the soul be white within,  
Her body's covered thick with sin—  
'Twere not so bad if white *without*,  
Though wrapping a loathesome soul about.

But when her talents He demands,  
As at the great white throne she stands;  
Oh, will he ask what was not given?  
What never left the port of Heaven?  
But—"nor do I," will He not say,  
When she to Judgment goes that day?

## THE ROSE THAT BLOOMS ON THE MORROW.

H, the rose, the rose  
That blooms on the morrow,  
No sweeter shall be,  
Than the rose, the rose,  
That's trampled in sorrow,  
From its stem to-day!

And the lips, the lips  
That now linger on thine,  
No fonder shall be,  
Than the lips, the lips  
That I smother in wine,  
In memory of thee!

## **The Rose that Blooms on the Morrow.**

---

And the heart, the heart  
That is nestled to thine,  
No truer shall be,  
Than the heart, the heart  
That will break and pine,  
Hearing no word from thee.

## SIGH OF THE VOLUPTUARY.

**T**HE transports of my life have fled!  
In silence I have measured all their swift de-  
parting years.

Beyond this dreary waste no new hope could, I knew,  
arise,

And yet I indolently let them pass, nor sought their speed  
To stay. Nor morn, nor noon, nor night, now brings  
a single ray

To illuminate the cheerless, trackless depths, where  
crouches like

A thief upon my path, the Demon of Despair! Nor  
flow, nor ebb

Of tide no more disturbs the still, dead calm of waters  
whose

### *Sigh of the Voluptuary.*

---


Inanition and drear monotony do stifle sense. Yet  
owned,

The rarest jewel oft unvalued lies; once lost, its worth  
Is thought beyond compute—so true a mathematician  
Is Death! Nor mortal on the earth, nor angel in the  
heavens,

Nor Seraph from utmost ethereal worlds, could reckon  
So well as he the cost to us of one small flower!



## GOD'S POOR.

FT has the Poor Man's tale been told,  
And each day's light his woes unfold ;  
But still in sorrow he lies bound—  
Still sink his tears in the cold, damp ground.

Pale, haggard Misery brings her brood  
Of implings with her : every rood,  
From sill to rafter, they fill his cot ;  
For such is aye the Poor Man's lot.

They chuckle and dance o'er his brow at night ;  
In morn they pull his heart strings tight.  
With him they drink, with him they sup—  
They wine and dine out of one cup.

## God's Poor.

---

With painful throb we hear it said :  
" Our neighbor lies on his death bed ;  
With scarce the clothes to hold Death's damp—  
Nor wick, nor oil, for the empty lamp."

His shivering children, shoeless, go  
To pick up sticks, when bleak winds blow,  
And scatter fragments of broken boughs,  
And the farmer this poor dole allows.

Or else, they go where bins on wheels  
Have emptied coal along the fields ;  
And gather up, with frosted hands,  
A few small lumps, out of the sands.

But most from those thus hardly bred,  
Come firmest heart and clearest head ;

## God's Poor.

---

For, to their credit be it laid,  
The greatest men are oft self-made.

Little the rich know of the needs  
That hamper, each day, the poor—their steeds,  
With liveried grooms, in rich array,  
Perform their bidding, day by day.

While the child of poverty wheels his cart,  
With moistened eyes and heavy heart,  
To find, mayhap, by some roadside,  
The good his own kin have denied.

But if by chance (forgetting self),  
Some grain be dropped, or greater pelf,  
By other traveler o'er the road,  
Ere his own feet the path have trod ;

## God's Poor.

---

He would scorn to profit by such gain,  
And yields to him the store again.  
Still trudging on, with cheerful lay,  
He reckons naught but his *own* pay.

He who has known what 'tis to own  
A purse from whence the pence have flown,  
That gaunt and starved lies in his grasp,  
A vacant thing, with broken hasp;

Who erst hath known grim poverty,  
And felt its sting—sharp as a bee,  
Small wonder in his mind would feel,  
If here truth were a broken seal.

But his conscience is unburdened, free,  
As disprisoned winds that kiss the sea.

## God's Door.

---

His faith is ever bright—awake—  
It is that God will not forsake.

Again the plodder takes his way,  
In early morn, at break of day ;  
With bucket swung upon his arm,  
He crosses now his neighbor's farm ;

And sees hedgerows cut smooth and square ;  
And fruit and garnered grain to spare.  
Yet naught of this he'd wish to touch,  
His pride would banish thought of such.

His tin pail holds but scanty store,  
Yet for his wants 'tis ample—more,  
For with his comrades he will share  
Even his small, impoverished fare.

## God's Poor.

---

And when his honest task is wrought,  
And hat and coat and pail are brought,  
Homeward he turns his wistful eye ;  
Then stops to bid his friends good-bye.

With coat and pail hung o'er his arm,  
He saunters off—a very charm  
Felt clinging to his ragged suit,  
Where winds go whistling like a flute.

The sun lies low; by homage brought,  
He turns, and reverence fills his thought:  
And as its last rays o'er him glide,  
The Poor Man's frame seems glorified !

Then soon at his own gate he stands,  
And children greet, with clapping hands,

## God's Door.

---

Him whom with sense of piety  
They worship with true modesty.

“Say good of thy neighbor or say naught,”  
A precept early to them taught,  
Guides all their conduct to mankind ;  
And marks with grace each youthful mind.

The frugal meal being o'er at last,  
And evening not yet wholly past,  
The family gather round their sire ;  
Though dim the light and scant the fire.

Here heart and heart are only one,  
And thus the evening passes on,  
Until he lays him down to rest,  
With one small head pressed on his breast.

## God's Poor.

---

The mother, with Madonna smile,  
Will linger up a little while ;  
Patching and darning time on time,  
The clothes that long since saw their prime.

Her poor, cramped hands creep in and about,  
And lay the garments smoothly out.  
The tears will start, as she folds them up,  
But she throws aside the bitter cup.

She will not yield to hopeless woe—  
God sends some light where'er we go ;  
To her its faintest ray seems bright,  
Because it comes through darkest night.

Over the woods and 'thwart the fields,  
The moon her radiance faintly yields :



### God's Poor.


---

Like Hope, that glimmers on through time,  
Of all things else, the most sublime.

The evening wanes, the great round moon  
Peers through the sash, into the room ;  
And as the mother bends in prayer,  
Its gentle light falls on her hair.


Thus hand in hand with poverty  
Go simple faith and honesty :  
Though poor, that man has richest bliss,  
Who owns wife's love and children's kiss.

## HER KISS.

 H! who can paint, who can describe  
The glowing raptures of her kiss!  
When all beneath the stars beside  
Is drowned within one drop of bliss.

The essence of a love sublime,  
Bright glimmerings of every hope,  
Incense from everything divine  
Into one gorgeous flower ope.

## MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

Y childhood's home, how dear thou  
art !

Though Fate decreed that we should  
part—

Should part before my love had grown  
Subdued and tame for things at home.

Yet I return again to thee,  
Home of my youth, so joyous, free :  
But the glint and gold have long since fled ;  
The churchyard holds so many dead !

Around the hearth where I used to play,  
There is naught but silence and decay.

### **My Childhood's Home.**

---

The endless pulse of Change beats here,  
Yet not the less to me thou'rt dear.

The woodland paths I erst did tread,  
Where the wild rose crept overhead,  
Have vanished like some summer dream  
That drifts away on Time's swift stream.

E'en meadows where so early bloomed  
The clover with the rose perfumed,  
Are like the flower gardens, bare,  
Rank weeds and thistles, only, there.

And fields that once were all ablaze  
With bearded grain and Indian maize,  
Are now all barren, rough, and brown—  
A graded highway to the town.

### **My Childhood's Home.**

---

Of childhood's days, how quick the years  
Of sunny skies, and summer tears.  
Oh, how the heart bows down in pain  
When we look back on their brief reign.

But thus it is with Life's fleet pleasure ;  
None knows what God to him shall measure,  
If disappointment, care, and strife,  
Or peaceful, long, and happy life.

For life by joy, not woe, is measured—  
Not tears that flow, but love that's treasured.  
Whose days are most by grief o'ercast,  
Find Time a debtor at the last.


## A PARABLE.

**T**HE Pink and Lily lay them down,  
Twined in each other's arms;  
The breath of Spring still dewed their eyes  
With sweet and loving charms.

And Night's cool breezes fanned their cheeks;  
And Day was not too warm;  
Through Summer's heat and Winter's snows,  
They felt nor sun nor storm.

Two Lilies could not thus abide—  
Contented aye thenceforth;  
They would have chilled each other through,  
And frozen Love at birth.

## ONE BY ONE.

H, one by one they pass away!  
Friends and acquaintances of a day;  
A smile, a tear, a gasping sigh,  
And we bid our treasured friend good-bye.

No more to look into his face ;  
No more his hands to interlace  
Within our own ; the laugh, the chat,  
The sharper thrust of wit—all that—

Has vanished into nothingness!  
(Now God grant us all forgiveness.)  
It is as though we'd touched a flower,  
Whose faint perfume passed with the hour.

### One By One.


---

It is as though we dreamed a song,  
Or poem, beautiful, and strong,  
Whose theme we try in vain to call—  
No more it flits through Memory's hall.

O Life! O Death! O Joy! O Woe!  
Twin-born, together ye always go;  
Each rideth fast amidst the throng—  
And neither hath the distance long.



AND THUS IT SHALL BE.

HE ball is winding up;  
So little thread is on the skein;  
We see the shadow of the cup  
That brims for us adown the lane.

The opening narrows to a close;  
And portals tall and grim,  
Where never yet a sun uprose,  
Stand ready aye to shut us in.













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